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"LA MARECHALE."

When one listens to a slight, frail woman tell how, within the last ten years, she has, in a Protestant country, been thrust into prison dozens of times, been stoned, lain in dungeons on straw, with rats running over her all the night, one realizes the mistake we have made in thinking that the age of persecution has passed.

"The Swiss are not a humerous people," remarks a newspaper man who interviewed Mrs. Booth-Clibborn when she was in Montreal recently, "That is why they always sent sixteen policemen (armed to the teeth) three officers (also armed to the teeth) and two covered carriages (drawn by two horses each) to arrest a poor young girl for beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. That is why the assemblies of the Cantons solemnly met, and solemnly expelled Miss Booth long after she had left the territory, and why they sealed with sixteen seals the public halls which she never intended to enter! Humor is not a common property, but Mrs. Booth-Clibborn has an exceedingly lively sense of humor, and she laughed heartily at the recollection of those sixteen policemen and the three officers. I used to say to them: 'Are so many of you gentlemen necessary?' and then I would point to my poor slight figure, but they never laughed."

"Mrs. Booth-Clibborn is tall, fragile, *spirituelle*. She looks as if a breath would blow her away. Her frame is slight, and her health is not good, and she suffers from a spinal complaint. (This is where we get the humor of the sixteen policemen.) But the indomitable spirit of her father shines out of those large, mild-looking blue eyes. She is like the father, too, in the general contour of her face. The forehead is lofty, and above it is brushed carelessly back a mass of dark brown hair. (No curl papers or curling tongs in the Salvation Army.) Her voice is soft and richly musical, and her diction carefully chosen."

"I did not mind the rats in the prison," she told her interviewer, "and I did not mind the straw, but the odors of the prison were what nearly killed me. I was placed next to what it would have been a crime to have placed a dog near. The food was wretched, and owing to the odors it would not stay on my stomach. I was slowly starving to death when the British ambassador intervened and threatened to rouse all England. Then they would have given me anything I liked to eat. But it was too late."

"But I do not regret what I suffered in Switzerland," contined the lady, "*for a* glorious work was wrought there. There was a regular upheaval. For months there was nothing in the papers but the Salvation Army. Thousands were turned away from the meetings. Hundreds were converted. And not merely ignorant people, —educated and representative men and women. I have letters from seventy-three mothers and thirty-two wives thanking me for being the instrument of reclaiming their children and husbands. Then the persecution began. The saloons were losing their customers. Vice in high places was no longer safe from criticism.

"Geneva is a very learned place. There are many very fine churches there. The learned people could not bear the idea that a number of children—that is what they called us—should be allowed to produce such a ferment. Then I was imprisoned. Then the halls were closed against us. The singular thing is that we were not breaking the law. In prison I read up the law, and found that by Article 27 of the constitution religious liberty was guaranteed. The blood of patriots had been shed to secure it. But when I showed them the law, they said they did not want me to interpret their laws. The president of the canton — a desperately wicked man in league with the saloon-keepers—used to be concealed behind thick curtains when the magistrate was examining me. He was brutal. Remember, it was not the Catholics who persecuted us, but the Protestants. The ministers were *traditionnaires*. They did not like our unconventional methods. They saw thousands flocking to us and getting converted, and they aided the magistracy in breaking the laws of the country to suppress us. We had a meeting once five miles in the country with nothing but the sky and the wood and the birds, and even there sixteen policemen and three officers came to arrest me.

"There was a lull in the persecution but it is breaking out again, but the work is steadily growing. I do not mean that we have the crowded meetings we had at the start, when the whole country was aroused, and my portrait was sold in every town, and the papers were full of us, and the people were being converted—and these conversions included Russian princesses and other people of note—but in the German cantons especially we are doinga grand work."

MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

Said the mother of La Marechale a little while before she died, when asked to give some account of her daughter's childhood, "From the first breath she drew Catherine was fervently dedicated to God, not only to be his property but to be used to the fullest extent for the carrying out of his purposes in the world. At two years of age she manifested great reverence at and love for our little prayer-meetings with her two brothers." Between the ages of seven and twelve years it was a common thing for her to get up after she had been put to bed to have her mother explain some texts from which she was trying to draw lessons bearing upon her own life and conduct, and would often ask her mother to pray with her. In her nursery long before she was twelve years old she held for several months at a time meetings of the children of the neighborhood, many of whom were then converted. Before she was fifteen years of age she conducted evangelistic campaigns in the large cities. Audiences of thousands of people were held spellbound by her. Over the roughest audiences she had perfect control. Yet, during all this time, she was threatened with curvature of the spine and for hours together she was forced to lie on her back in great pain and weakness. At the age of sixteen she went to Paris, accompanied by two other girls, to organize the work of the Army.

How she succeeded can best be told in her own words.

"The work here was a revelation to me. Though a public speaker from the age of 13, I had never come in contact with the class of people I met here. The hall we hired was in the very worst quarter of the city. We never went out without the feeling that we might never return. The sights baffled description. Men and women half dressed poured in; and girls, some only thirteen years old, from a low dance hall opposite, would come to be amused and throw their flowers at my feet. '*A bas Jesus-Christ*' was the cry; '*Vive la Commune*'; 'You are Jesuits; 'Speak politics or anything else here, but not religion.' This was at three o'clock in the morning. When the police were appealed to they refused to help. They dared not. 'Why,' they said, 'you have all the cutthroats in Paris here.' Said one man, 'Don't talk to me;-I am an infidel to my finger tips. A Prussian, an Englishman, a Russian may take religion, but a Frenchman, never.' All his belief in goodness and purity were gone, yet before long that very man publicly announced, 'This God whom I declared a monster of cruelty I now intend to serve for the rest of my days. Those dear lost little girls too; they were saved and many of them we saw safely across the Jordan. The saloons around were soon emptied. Soon we went to another part of Paris, where I gave a series of lectures on 'The kind of religion to suit France.' Would a sad religion suit her, a formal religion, an intellectual religion, an easy religion, etc.? These have since been published in book form. It was then I first saw how infidels suffer behind the scenes. One said to me, 'Voltaire is my God, but I wish you had a hall in every village of France.' Yet many a hall we had to refuse for the lack of a paltry $20 to pay for it. Another man said, 'This religion is what we want. Our country is starving, not for bread but for

faith.' France does not want sermons, eloquence, but men and women who will live the life of Christ. What creates infidels is the great gulf fixed between theory and practice. The best that infidelity can give a man is doubt. Only one man dared say, 'I will give you rest.' Said Commissioner Tucker once, 'Give me two Ceylons, but only one France.' In dealing with the Roman Catholics in France we do not talk 'Protestantism' to them. Said one woman to me, 'You do not honor Mary; you cannot honor your own mother.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'I reverence my mother, and I honor Mary more than you do. Do you not know that the very truest way to honor a mother is to honor her son. Her son died on Calvary for you, yet you honor her and neglect him.' 'Ah, I see,' she said; 'it is so beautiful, I have no more trouble.' A dead Protestant is worse than a dead Catholic. It is not a change of religion France wants but a change of heart. France, with its warm heart, must worship something, either God or devil or woman, or something. Religion is not belief—it is life, and if you have not come in living contact with Jesus you are lost. Where there is infidelity there is also suicide. In Paris there are fifteen or twenty suicides every day. I myself have prevented thirty or forty suicides. Oh, that some one had given the invitation in time to General Boulanger!" The Marechale makes everywhere strong appeals for money to help in this French work. "In this country," she said, "you have no idea of the poverty of France. There families live on what similar families here throw away. You think so much of your gold here, yet you cannot take it with you into the next world—even the two threepenny bits which cover your eyes. One hundred dollars given me here I will spend so as to raise two hundred in France. If you do not want the chill of infidelity here help us to fight it off there."

THINK ABOUT IT.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Good morning, Miss Lee. Have you ever thought about taking a class in our Sunday school?" said Superintendent Clapp, holding himself by the strap in a crowded horse-car, and leaning over to speak to a handsome young woman who was evidently thinking of nothing so much as of her own stylish appearance. And she did, indeed, look very attractive in her new suit, although its fashion and fabric combined to make her somewhat conspicuous.

"Me!—teaching in Sunday-school?" she replied, in astonishment.

"No, sir, I never thought of such a thing."

"Then think about it, please."

All self-consciousness went out of the young woman's mind as she thought. "What an odd, abrupt manner, Mr. Clapp has! Why am I to think about taking a class in Sunday-school, and what am I to think about it? I could never teach a Sunday-school class; I have no taste in that direction. There is no use in my thinking about it, and I will not."

This determination did not so easily as she had fancied dismiss the matter from her mind. It recurred to her so continually that she said, with a sort of indignation: "What right has that man to direct me regarding my thoughts? He seems to think that it is his privilege to advise and direct every one who is in any way connected with his Sunday-school. Although I have seen him almost daily for years, he has never said a dozen words to me upon any other subject, and it is the same way with all the other young people. He is a real Sunday-school crank; that is what he is. If I miss him for a day, I am sure to see in the city locals that he is off somewhere speaking at a Sunday-school convention. I don't understand how any one can be so absorbed in anything so tame and uninteresting as Sunday-school work."

A week later she met the gentleman again on a street corner, and he said, "Well, Miss Lee, have you thought about it?"

And she replied with natural frankness, "Yes, Mr. Clapp."

"What were your thoughts, please?"

"I could hardly repeat them all. At first, I determined to think nothing about it, but, when I found that I could not help it, I decided that I never would, under any conditions, teach a class in Sunday-school, for there was no reason in my placing myself in a position that it was impossible for me to fill acceptably. Then the thought came, just as if some one who had the right was questioning me, 'Is there not good reason for your doing something for the Saviour who has done so much for you? Is there not something that you can do to help on the Lord's work in the world? You are a professing Christian, or church-member, and an unprofitable servant.' I felt rebuked and grieved. O sir! I have thought a great deal, but I am sure I am unfit to be a teacher," and the tears welled up and overflowed from the young woman's clear blue eyes.

"Ask the Lord to make you fit."

That was all, but the words came with startling force to the perturbed heart.

"Ask the Lord to make you fit." She repeated the words over and over, and thought, "How can I ask him? To do that is to give in and to agree to take a class if he fits me for it. Then now am I to ask him? I say my prayers, but I don't believe I ever really pray. That shows that I am unfit for a teacher, for if I was a Sunday-school teacher I should want to be a good one. I should want to pray for my scholars by name with a real anxiety that they should be converted, but I fear I should have no such feeling. I never have been anxious for any one's soul but my own, and, after I was taken into the church, I felt no more need of doing anything. It must have been because I did not ask the Lord to use me. 'Ask the Lord to make you fit.' Oh, I will, I will! and I will ask with a desire to receive."

Another week passed, and then the announcement was made in the Sunday-school that it was thought expedient for some of the experienced teachers to go to the West End and start a mission Sunday-school there, and volunteers were asked for to take their places in the home school.

Miss Lee was among the first to offer herself to fill the need. She could not help herself, for had she not promised the Lord to serve if he wanted her? A class of young girls was given her, and her first thought was: "These are poor working girls. I must set them an example in every way. I must not dress at church as I have been in the habit of doing. I must be plain and neat in my attire and have fewer changes."

That was her first sacrifice for her class, and it was, to her, a real giving up of self, but it drew her toward the girls. She soon grew fond of them; they really loved her in return, and that made it easy for her to gain an influence over them, and it was not many months before one by one they were converted.

The day on which they were baptized and taken into the church some one said to Mr. Clapp: "Miss Lee has been the making of that class. She has not only taught them in the Sunday-school, but has made herself a part of their daily lives. It is surprising in how many ways they have developed. How neat and dainty they are, how ladylike, quiet, and intelligent, how willing to make themselves useful as opportunity offers! They will make lovely Christian women."

"That class was the making of Miss Lee," replied the superintendent confidentially. "Before she took it she was an idle, aimless, young woman, decidedly pronounced in her manner of dress, and spending her time in calling, visiting, and amusing herself, and with no idea that she had any duty or any capability."

"My girls have done more for me than I have done for them," said the young teacher. "They have brought me into sympathy with the great army of workers who are marching grandly onward to conquer the world for Christ. I have never been so happy in my life as I have been since I found that the Lord had need of me; and I think, dear Mr. Clapp, that you were prompted by the Holy Spirit to ask me that day in the horse-car, 'Have you ever thought about teaching a Sunday-school class?'"—*Golden Rule.*

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

A pleasing illustration of an old Jewish custom implied in one of our Lord's parables is given in the book of the Marchioness of Dufferin, entitled "Our Viceregal Life in India." The parable is that of the marriage feast, (Matt. 22,) where one of the guests was turned out just as the feast was going to begin, because "he had not on a wedding garment," although nothing had been previously said about the need or the provision of such a garment. The common explanation is that such garments were provided by the giver of the feast. This is confirmed by Lady Dufferin's account of a native dinner party. "Our first proceeding was to dress ourselves properly for this festival, and as soon as we got to the house we were taken into a dressing-room, were divested of our own gowns, and were draped in saris. . . . About ten o'clock we took off our native costumes and returned home, our hostess insisting upon presenting each of us with the saris we had worn."

THE WINTER EVENINGS.

Again the long winter evenings are here, and again the young man asks himself, "What shall I do with them this year? Shall they pass by and only leave memories of hours spent in idle enjoyment; or shall my character be better for their coming and going? The question is not What will you do with them? but, What will they do with you? If you spend them well, they will make you more of a man; they will bring you knowledge, power, and, best of all, independence, that "glorious privilege" which it should be every young man's aim to possess. Or they will leave you enervated and wearied, disgusted with yourself and your surroundings. They will serve you, or rule you—which shall it be?

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 14, 1892.

THE NEW COVENANT.—Jermiah 31: 27-37.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."—Jeremiah 31: 34.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jer. 31: 1-14.—The Restoration of Israel.
T. Jer. 31: 27-37.—The New Covenant.
W. Heb. 8: 1-13.—The Covenant of the Gospel.
Th. Heb. 9: 11-28.—The Sacrifice of the New Covenant.
F. Heb. 10: 4-25.—The one Offering of the New Covenant.
S. Heb. 12: 18-29.—The Mediation of the New Covenant.
S. Heb. 13: 7-21.—The Benediction of the New Covenant.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Promise of Prosperity, vs. 27-30.
II. A Promise of Spiritual Blessing, vs. 31-34.
III. A Promise that Cannot Fail, vs. 35-37.

TIME.—Probably about B. C. 606: Jehoiakim king of Judah; Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Jeremiah was the son of Hilkiah, a priest dwelling at Anathoth (ch. 1: 1), about four miles north-east of Jerusalem. He began his work as a prophet B. C. 629, in the thirteenth year of king Josiah, and continued it during the reigns of Jehoiakim, Jehoiachin and Zedekiah, a period of more than forty years. When he died is quite uncertain.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

27. *I will sow*—will fill the depopulated land with a great multitude. 29. *They shall say no more*—they shall no more complain that they are suffering for the sins of their fathers, while they themselves are innocent. 31. *I will make a new covenant*—the apostle quotes this passage (Heb. 8: 8-12; 10: 15, 17), as referring to gospel times. 32. *Not according to the covenant*—the Old Testament covenant is here contrasted with the gospel covenant. Under this new covenant God, through his son, fulfilled what had only been shadowed forth under the law. 33. *I will put my law*—the law written in the heart by the Spirit taken in the place of the law on tables of stone. It is obeyed, loved, delighted in, becomes a part of their very nature. Heb. 8: 10. 34. *I will be their God*—the promise of the covenant includes everything that is necessary for salvation. Psalm 144: 15. 34. *I will forgive their iniquity*—these blessed results follow and flow from God's undeserved, forgiving, loving favor. When we honor and love God he blesses us in all ways, giving us mercies and favors. 35-37. *Thus saith the Lord*—all these blessings of the new covenant are as certain as the ordinances of nature.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Jeremiah? During what reigns did he exercise the prophetic office? Title of this lesson? Golden text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A PROMISE OF PROSPERITY, vs. 27-30.—What does the Lord promise in verse 27? How will he watch over his restored people? Upon whom shall punishment be inflicted?

II. A PROMISE OF SPIRITUAL BLESSING, vs. 31-34.—What is promised in v. 31? With what is the new covenant contrasted? What will be the terms of the new covenant? Meaning of v. 33?

III. A PROMISE THAT CANNOT FAIL, vs. 35-37.—What assurances are given that these promises shall be fulfilled? How far have they been already fulfilled? What may we expect with regard to their complete fulfilment? What is our duty in this matter?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. All these blessings of the new covenant are offered to us.
2. The Lord will write his law upon our hearts and will incline us to obey him.
3. He will teach us by his word and Spirit and lead us into all truth.
4. He will pardon, sanctify and save us.
5. We should labor and pray that the saving knowledge of the Lord may fill the earth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did the Lord promise his captive people? Ans. Restoration to their land, and his watchful care.
2. What will he make with them? Ans. A new covenant.
3. What is promised in this new covenant? Ans. I will be their God, and they shall be my people.
4. What further promise is given? Ans. They shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them.
5. What is the source of all these promises of the new covenant? Ans. God's undeserved, forgiving love.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 21, 1892.

JEHOIAKIM'S WICKEDNESS.—Jeremiah 35: 1-19.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jer. 36: 1-18.—Jeremiah's Prophecies Written.
T. Jer. 36: 19-32.—Jehoiakim's Wickedness.
W. 2 Kings 23: 8-20.—Josiah and the Book of the Law.
Th. 2 Kings 23: 21-37.—Jehoiakim's Reign and Death.
F. Heb. 2: 1-9.—"How shall we Escape?"
S. Heb. 3: 1-19.—"Harden not Your Hearts."
S. Luke 10: 1-16.—"He that Despiseth You, Despiseth Me."

LESSON PLAN.

I. God's Words Read to the King, vs. 19-21.
II. The Book Burnt by the King, vs. 22-26.
III. Judgment pronounced on the king, vs. 27-32.

TIME.—B. C. 605; Jehoiakim king of Judah: Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; Pharaoh Nechoh king of Egypt.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Jeremiah caused Baruch to write out his prophecies and to read them to the people on a fast day. The princes were greatly alarmed when they heard them, and reported the matter to the king. The king sent for the roll, and, having heard a part of it read, cut it in pieces and burned it. Jeremiah was commanded to write it anew, and to denounce the judgments of God against Jehoiakim for his wickedness.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

20. *Into the court*—in the inner court, in which the king's apartments were. Compare 1 Kings 7: 8. 22. *The winter house*—the part of the palace arranged for winter habitation. Compare Amos 3: 15. *Ninth month*—parts of November and December. *The hearth*—Revised Version, "the brasier," a vessel with live coals, placed in the centre of the room. 23. *Leaves*—columns. *Penknife*—literall, "scribe's knife." *Until all the roll was consumed*—a wicked and daring affront to God. 24. *Yet they were not afraid*—unlike Josiah (2 Kings 22: 11), and even Ahab (1 Kings 21: 27). 25. *The Lord hid them*—saved them from discovery. 26. *He shall have none*—he had successors, but none of his own posterity, except his son Jehoiachin, whose three months' reign is counted as nothing. 2 Kings 24: 8.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To whom were the prophecies of Jeremiah read? How were the princes affected by them? Title of this lesson? Golden text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. GOD'S WORDS READ TO THE KING, vs. 19-21.—What did the princes say to Baruch? Where did they then go? When had they done with the roll? What took place when they came into the king's presence? In whose hearing were the prophecies read?

II. THE BOOK BURNT BY THE KING, vs. 22-26.—Where was the king sitting? What did he do? How were the king and his servants affected? Who interceded with the king not to burn the roll? What command did the king give? What prevented its execution?

III. JUDGMENT PRONOUNCED ON THE KING, vs. 27-32.—What command did the Lord give to Jeremiah? What did he direct him to say to Jehoiakim? What judgment was pronounced on the king? What on Jerusalem and Judah?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Wicked men hate the word of God because it condemns them.
2. It is the height of folly to fight against God.
3. Man's oppositions cannot change God's plans.
4. God's servants are safe in his care.
5. To escape the threatenings of God's word we must heed its warnings and obey its precepts.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. To whom was the book of Jeremiah's prophecies read? Ans. To Jehoiakim and his princes.
2. What was written in these prophecies? Ans. The king of Babylon shall certainly come and destroy this land.
3. What did the king do in his wrath? Ans. He cut the roll in pieces and burned it.
4. What did the king command? Ans. He commanded his servants to take Baruch the scribe and Jeremiah the prophet; but the Lord hid them.
5. What judgment did the Lord pronounce on the king? Ans. He shall have none to sit upon the throne of David; I will punish him and their iniquity.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

A child has a right to reading matter, intelligently and judiciously selected. The master has said, "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap," and can we expect to reap intelligent, cultured, Christian men and women if we do not sow the seed to make them so? The old copy books used to tell us, "Nature abhors a vacuum," and so if our children's minds are not stored with the beautiful thoughts to be gleaned from history, poetry, biography, and good fiction, they will surely be filled with something less worthy.

If by 'gid self-denial you find you can only take one paper or periodical, subscribe for that and exchange with your neighbors. Recently calling on a newcomer, mention was made of an article published in our town paper, when I was astounded by her remark: "We don't take any papers, Mrs. March: we feel we can't afford them." Yet they had venison at fifty cents a pound for their Christmas dinner, and cakes and pies are always on the dinner table. The husband is in good business. She is not an ignorant woman, only careless. Before her marriage, she was for several years a teacher. The family consists of five children, ranging from six years to fourteen, the two older being boys—our future voters and law-makers. When so many good books and papers are to be had for so little—many of them for two cents a week for a year's subscription, is not such negligence inexcusable?

Another right is that of regular attendance at school. If parents try as they should, they will seldom have to keep a child from school. I have been a teacher and I know by my own experience, and that of others, that it is seldom the child of the poor Irish or German laborer, or of the widowed mother who attends school two or three days in the week. The children realize the need of a good education, and are usually the most diligent and persevering in trying to obtain it. The children of well-to-do parents are the ones who are most to blame in this respect, and did you ever think, dear mother, that by allowing your child to stay away from school at all times, you were not only injuring your own child, but actually helping to rob other people's children? This is strong language, I know, but true, as I will show you. When your child returns to school, the teacher must take time to explain to him the lessons gone over during his absence.

Another right is that of pocket-money. Let them earn it if you will, and be it ever so little, the fact of its being their own will be a pleasure. They need not spend it foolishly; mamma can suggest and help with the planning, and how much comfort it is to them! Try it once and see. They will learn habits of economy and self-denial. A busy mother of six children pays each one on Saturday night for work done during the week. The little account books are brought out and amounts entered by the childish fingers. One little maid earns her weekly stipend of fourteen cents by filling the pitchers in the various bed-rooms and seeing that clean towels and soap are provided. The little four-year-old carries in kindling and shavings for one cent a day, his seven cents being duly recorded by mamma. All money is spent for useful things, mamma being duly consulted. Every penny counts, for money has never been plentiful in this household. These little ones are not only learning the value of money, but are learning economy. The writing and calculation are helpful, and "the end is not yet" of the benefits derived.—*Bertha March.*

SUNDAY DINNER AND TEA.

The problem of arranging the "Sunday dinner" is one which perplexes many housekeepers.

In a large number of families it is the only day in the week that the husband and father takes his midday meal with them, and naturally it is desired to have it especially enjoyable.

But on the other hand it is a day that the maid must be regarded, also. As far as possible it should be a day of rest to her, and a conscientious mistress will so order her household duties that her maid can attend church some time during the day, even if she is unable to give her the entire afternoon and evening which is so often claimed.

A mother with young children needs all the tact and management that she is capable of, to get through the day so that it may be one to be enjoyed and looked forward to as the happiest one in the week, which we know in theory it should be, but which in practice is often the reverse.

If we would commence to prepare for our Sundays on Saturday, it might simplify the question and be of great assistance.

This Saturday preparation does not mean a cold Sunday dinner, or warmed-over dinner; in place of that it should be made especially good, for by judicious forethought on Saturday one can select dishes that could be quickly cooked, a dessert that could be made the day before, and an additional delicacy might be added for this dessert which requires no cooking, such as nuts and raisins, or confectionery, or fruit.

Pretty little fancy dishes, that are not used through the week, will help make a table attractive, and one or two flowers with a cluster of green leaves will give a touch of refinement and brighten even the plainest-looking table.

Changes in the table linen through the week should be made with a view to having it perfectly fresh and clean for Sunday.

In our own family our Sunday tea was prepared Sunday morning, before breakfast. Thin bread and butter sandwiches were made, from which the crusts were removed and kept for bread puddings; these were cut sometimes into fanciful shapes such as triangles, or into long and narrow strips, and piled up in log-cabin style on a bread plate, covered with a pretty doiley.

Maccaroons, cocoanut cakes and squares of cake were piled in the cake-basket, and these were then placed in a stone crock until tea-time to keep from drying, and a bowl of whipped cream for our chocolate was put into the ice-chest.

This simple little "picnic" tea, as we called it, was served in our modest drawing-room entirely by the children, an easy chair for mother being pushed close to a small round table, from which she poured the chocolate and the younger children passed it around to us. It was the most enjoyable meal of the whole week, and we always looked forward to it.

Cold, snowy Sundays it was the perfection of inward harmony and comfort, with a big log crackling in the grate, especially when father told us stories, as he sometimes did. Mother declared that she never knew anything to equal our appetites for bread and butter sandwiches.

The children cleared everything away, washed the cups and plates, and brushed up whatever crumbs there were on the floor, and mother was never called upon to do anything but pour out the chocolate.

There are many things besides the meals that might be planned for as a help to the day.

If the customary change of clothing for each member of the family is taken from bureau or closet and laid carefully on a chair in the bedrooms, before going to bed Saturday night, with buttons all on, rents repaired, spots removed from dress and cloaks, shoes blackened, and fresh ruffles basted in neck and sleeves, much will have been done to insure happiness and peace of mind for the coming day, and we shall have more time to think how we can make the day brighter for the others, by striving to make our tones and manners more gentle and affectionate, and to give expression to the love and good-will in our hearts for the dear ones in our home.—*Elizabeth Courtney in the Home.*

THE CHILD'S "BETWEEN MEALS."

"Oh, dear, I've just washed my hands and sat down to my sewing and now you want some bread and butter," exclaimed a hurried mother to her hungry little one, as she reluctantly and impatiently lays aside her work, goes down into the cellar for the butter, cuts bread and spreads it, clears up the crumbs and washes her hands, consuming some five minutes of valuable time, and considerably fraying the edges of her temper. And as every mother knows, it is very annoying, and sadly interferes with accomplishing anything. Here is the way I manage this matter. When clearing the breakfast table I spread what bread I judge necessary for the "between meal," and cover it up with a basin, leaving it where the child can get it. If a cup of milk is to be allowed, I also set this in a cool place, covered from flies and where the child can help itself.

My between meals are always bread and butter and milk—nothing richer or more complex of digestion, though the giving of dainty bits of pie, cookies, cake, meat, sauce, etc., might sometimes be easier to me and apparently in the interest of economy, but these bits are eaten at regular meal times or not at all. If children require a "between meal," or think they do, health demands that it be very simple.

I teach my children to ask for their lunch, but let them get it after they are able to walk. Then I keep a wash-cloth where they can get it to use, and this saves me much trouble and many grease spots. At noon, before removing the food, I make preparations for the afternoon "between meal." I cannot tell what trouble this method saves me and my children also; and I wish every mother with growing, always hungry, little ones, would try it. It will save many interruptions and great loss of patience.—*Estelle Mendell, Belmont, Iowa.*

KITCHEN HINTS.

Put salt on the clinkers in your stove or range while they are hot, after raking down the fire, and it will remove them.

To make a lining for stoves or fireplaces take six parts in bulk of common potter's clay, one part of plaster of Paris, and one part wood ashes. Mix this together with water to form a thick cement, which must be spread thickly and smoothly in the place where the lining is needed. Fire may be made in the stove in a few hours. If, in a day or two, cracks appear, fill them up with fresh cement made in the same way, and you will have a perfectly hard and durable lining.

If you rinse the floor and shelves of your closet with clean lime water after scrubbing, they will be delightfully clean and pure.

Remove the dust from your wall paper by rubbing it with a flannel cloth dipped in oatmeal.

For cleaning lamp chimneys have a soft sponge the size of the chimney tied to a stick; you can get nothing handier.

Cover a thick cushion with oilcloth to stand on while ironing, and thus prevent your feet from becoming tired.

To clean bottles, cut a raw potato into small pieces and put them into the bottle with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake well together until every mark is removed.

DUSTING.

The windows should be opened every day, and fresh air allowed to just fill the room. While dusting it is very easy to put chairs in their proper places, pin tidies straight, put the books in order, wipe off the table-spread, and shake the rugs. The whole will not take more than five or ten minutes, and the result well repays one for the slight trouble and exertion.

If cloth furniture is wiped off with a slightly dampened cloth it will be much freshened thereby. There is much dust on furniture that would not be noticed. Everything should be wiped off just the same as though we could see the dust thick. Because we can't see it is no reason it is not there. Besides all this, the dust can be smelled, and it fills one's lungs by being breathed, and in the end is very bad. A child can be taught to dust well, and it is quite a help to a mother to have the sitting room or parlor attended to each day, and not having to think of it herself. I once heard a lady say of a little girl: "She is the best duster I ever saw." So I noticed one day, and soon knew the reason. She went over everything in the room and left nothing.—*S. L. T. in Philadelphia Record.*

THE WEDDING TROUSSEAU.

There is one matter upon which any ten brides—or wives, rather, of six honeymoons—will agree. It is that they wish they had selected their wedding outfit more economically, and kept some cash in hand for necessary articles for housekeeping, or for some of the things they need, yet cannot exactly see how to get.

The subject of income is coming to be considered by sensible girls, and a man has no right to ask a girl to be his wife if he cannot at the same time give her the facts as to his business and prospects.

The bride wishes to make a neat appearance, but it ill contrasts with necessity for economy to possess fine clothing which one has no time or need to wear. Better have more neat home dresses, and less for "going out."

There is no reason why young mothers should not make a neat, even stylish appearance; but if there is anything forlorn, it is to repair and remodel wedding dresses for ten years after that event. Better only get a few, wear them out, and get new again, for your own comfort and the credit of "the firm."—*Household.*

RECIPES.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—A paste made of one pint of flour and one half pound of beef suet minced very fine is very nice for this pie. Line the sides and bottom of a pudding dish and fill it with lean beef chopped very fine by the butcher. Season with salt and pepper and plenty of butter rolled in flour, and two slices of fat salt pork cut into small bits. Cover with an upper crust, securing the edges well, and bake in a moderate oven.

PORK AND POTATOES.—In preparing any form of salt pork, either smoked or pickled, it is essential both to palatableness and wholesomeness that it should be thoroughly freshened. The best method of doing this is to slice the meat in thin slices, from six to ten hours before using, and lay the slices in enough sweet skim milk to cover them. When ready to cook remove from the milk, cover with cold water and set on the stove. As soon as the water touches the boiling point remove the meat and it is ready for cooking. Where milk cannot be procured it will answer almost as well to parboil the meat as directed above, twice. Instead of frying sliced pork, either salt or fresh, it will be much nicer baked by laying the slices on a pie-tin and setting them on the shelf in a hot oven. It also saves spattering the top of the stove with grease and makes one less vessel for the busy housewife to watch. For boiling or roasting meat, the piece should be soaked in the milk for ten or twelve hours, or it may be parboiled just before putting it on to cook. It might be remarked that there are few more palatable ways of cooking salt pork than roasting. If pared potatoes are added about an hour before dinner, but little else will be needed for the meal except bread and a dessert. It would be well to cook a little more than usual. There are always some thin, flabby pieces which are unfit either for frying, boiling or roasting. For these, make a nice dressing as for chicken, spread it over the flesh side of the meat and roll the meat, wrapping with twine to hold it in shape. Then it should be roasted; it is excellent either hot or cold. A dish that is always relished is made by paring and slicing as many potatoes as are required for a meal, placing them in a baking pan or an earthern baking dish and laying slices of pork over the top. Cover with hot water; pepper and salt to taste, and bake till the potatoes are tender. The meat is delicious and the potatoes are a very fair substitute for turnips.

PUZZLES NO. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The initals of the words left blank in the following verses from Job, give the name of a beautiful group of stars mentioned in that book.

1. "That man was —— and upright."
2. "Canst thou draw out —— with an hook?"
3. "This man was the greatest of all men of the ——."
4. "Still he holdeth fast his ——."
5. "Who hath sent out the wild —— free."
6. "My —— are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."
7. "Then —— the Temanite answered and said."
8. "When the morning —— sang together?"

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

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1. A city in Germany. 2. To loiter. 3. An enclosure. 4. A consonant. 5. To purchase. 6. To go forth. 7. A cradle song.

The centrals spell the name of a noted musician.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My first is a gulf west of Russia.
My second is a cape off Newfoundland.
My third is a river in South America.
My fourth is a town in Rhode Island.
My fifth is a cape off Ireland.
My sixth is a country in Africa.
My seventh is an island near Italy.
My eighth is a bay in Canada.
My ninth is a bay on the coast of France.
My tenth is a great republic.
My eleventh is a river in Germany
My twelfth is a sea east of England.
My thirteenth is a channel between England and France.
My fourteenth is an island south of Australia.
My fifteenth is a town in Japan.
The initials spell the name of a popular living authoress.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 1.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.—Peace.

Paul, Acts. 20. 33.
Elphaz, Job, 15. 4.
Abigail, 1 Sam. 22.20.
Cleopas, Luke, 24, 18.
Elizabeth, Luke, 1, 28.

SHAKESPEREAN ACROSTIC.

1. Richard. 2. Orlando. 3. Shylock. 4. Antonio. 5. Laertes. 6. Iachimo. 7. Nerissa. 8. Dionyza.

Initials.—Rosalind.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

Aristotle. Burns. Cleopatra. Democritus. Ennius. Franklin. Garibaldi. Hesiod. Isabella. Jackson. Khadijah.

The Family Circle.

THE WITCHERY OF WEEDS.

Have you seen the city folk riding by,
With hungry glances at field and sky,
And exclamations of quick delight
At the sight of a meadow with daisies white?
They do not know
That a field of daisies should never grow;
And I envy them so!

Have you ever at eve of a midsummer's day,
When the air was sweet with scent of hay,
Felt a sweeter perfume upon you steal,
And strangely that perfume makes you feel
So sad, for you know
A field of thistles should never grow?—
I am sorry 'tis so.

Have you heard of the distant desert land,
Where the cactus blooms in arid sands
So thick it blocks the traveller's way,
And no green on the lonely plain but they
Can live and grow?
So the cactus is only a weed, you know,
Though we prize it so!

Have you ever noted a field of wheat
As it waves in the summer breeze and heat,
With here and there in the yellow rows
A pretty pink blossom as red as a rose?
It will please you so!
But the weed ought not in the wheat to grow.
Still they never can weed it out, you know,
And I'm glad it's so.

But wheat would not be allowed to head
If it sets its roots in an onion bed—
You'll find it so;
If a stalk of wheat in the garden grow.
It's a weed, you know.

From the daisied hay
And the thistled grain,
The moral we draw
Is simple and plain,
And cogent and brilliant
And lucid and clear—
A weed is a flower
Dropped out of its sphere.

—*Country Gentleman.*

"WORDS FITLY SPOKEN."

(*By Mary B. Richardson, in New York Observer.*)

How fair and sweet was poor little Hope's face as she lay so still. "Poor little Hope" she was called, after that sad day, when, bruised and broken, she was borne home by hands rough and hardened from toil, yet tender in their touch. Tender as were their hearts when gently placing her on the couch in her own home, they turned aside to hide the trembling lips and trickling tears. These poor rough men, they little cared to hide their tears, when, later, they told the tale in their humble homes. It is told in few words; a plunging, maddened horse—a fair young girl ruthlessly trampled on the stones—a saddened household, darkened by the shadow of death—and then, when the worst was over and the young life spared, came the struggle for resignation, the power to say from heart as well as lips, "Not my will, O God, but thine."

Thus it was she came to be called "poor little Hope," though often changed to "brave Hope."

When but a child, Hope Marvin, had given her heart and life to God, and in his service she had been a faithful little soldier. In the terrible trial of her life, she grew faint and her courage faltered, yet never failed.

'Twas on a misty, gloomy day some years after the accident which changed our Hope from a gay, little school girl; to a helpless cripple. She lay with her pale face so full of earnestness and serious thought, that gay cousin Harry Somers, wondered if the poor back was worse to-day, and chatted on about the last night's frolic and the coming winter sports, never dreaming that it was his own happy self that caused this girl to be so lost in thought. The highest aim in Hope's life was to help the cause of Christ, and her hand had been held out to many an unfortunate, with words of comfort and hope. "She had done what she could," toward sending help to those who are in dark ignorance, and in the circle of friends caused many to seek her course of light and happiness.

Harry Somers, her cousin and the companion of her earliest youth, was very dear to her, and his thoughtless, gay life cost her much thought and prompted many tears. As she lay on her dainty bed, thinking, wondering what words she could speak that might turn his thoughts within himself, a text flashed into her mind, one that had been her guide for many years. It proved a brave heart when a young girl thrusts aside the natural shrinking that she feels, in speaking on this subject to one who has ever been connected with her gayest hours, and Hope, staunch though she was in the cause of right, found this a hard task when, with faltering voice, she said:

"Harry, you are so good and true, and I know you are trying to live a moral life; but is that to be your highest aim?"

"Hope, dear, I know what is in your mind, but do not feel troubled. You would ask me why am I not a Christian and why do I not join the church; but, Hope, I think I do no harm to my fellowmen, I neither drink nor gamble, I believe in the Bible and attend church. What more is wanted, or what more can I do by placing my name in the book of membership?"

Hope's face grew more thoughtful as she answered:

"Harry, I do not ask you to join the church, for if you do not recognize the advantage and privilege it is to be numbered among the servants of God, then you have no right there. No, Harry, you should never be a member of any church till you feel in your heart a desire to be known to the world as such; but when you do, and I know you will some day, there will be no more faithful Christian than your own merry self."

With a sweet smile she turned to him, and in a moment said: "Harry, will you do something for my sake? Will you take one little text and follow it?"

He tenderly clasped the little outstretched hand, so thin and white, and said: "Little cousin, for your sake I would do much, but name this text before I promise, for I cannot give my word and not fulfil it. You know that is one good principle I have."

When the grave lips repeated simply: "Search the Scriptures," a smile broke over Harry's manly face as he said: "Hope, your request is not one so difficult to undertake that I would refuse the cousin so dear to me that even her fancies must be considered."

How little he knew that this was no mere fancy. Hope knew Harry's character so well that she could trust his promise, and her faith in the power of the Holy Word was so great that she felt none could read and study its varied pages and not find light and help, and, lastly, peace. She begged that he would make his Bible his constant companion, and when in his room, whether weary with an evening's gayety or refreshed after a night's sleep, to search its pages, and find how often its verses would rest and gladden him.

Over Hope's grave the snows of winter and the blossoms of spring, have fallen for many a year. She passed bravely as she had lived, into the mysterious unknown, and until the summons came, had ever ready words of comfort and cheer for all who crossed her pathway.

"Words fitly spoken" may live and do the wonderful work long after the lips that gave them utterance are silenced by death.

"Search the Scriptures," only three words, spoken by a dear one, fitly and in season, formed for Harry Somers the guiding light of his life. Simply to keep his promise, he kept his Bible ever ready to open when alone, and from interest awakened, he soon grew to love the verses that seemed so often written to suit his own case. While he became, instead of student in one of our large colleges, an honored professor, his open, manly, Christian life was ever a source of admiration to even the most careless. The lesson learned from little Hope, to bravely speak, when a word might help, was never forgotten.

To his favorite group of boys, he one day told the tale of her suffering and courage, and how the three words that she bade him take as his guide, had indeed proved a blessing. "Oh! boys," said he, "will you not try the experiment, as I did, and reap the harvest. If you only knew what I had found in these Scriptures, long ago. How one night, heated and wearied from the evening's pleasure, I said to myself, I will only read one verse from my Bible to-night. I read the first that met my eye, and, boys, I read these words, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but, know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment.'

"That led me to serious thought, and I soon grew to love the lines which further said, 'Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth.'

"In my search it was not all commanding and warning that I found, but words of love and encouragement gladdened me and when sorrow darkened the world to me for a time, the blessed Book spake tenderly, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'—'In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.' Oh! boys, listen to the Saviour's voice. He pleadingly says, 'Search the Scriptures—for they are they which testify of me.'"

PAPA MODERATE AND THE WHITE DRESSES.

The following is an extract from "The Confessions of an Imp, or the Autobiography of a Barrel of Bourbon."

I had returned from Potter's Field, where Victim Number Two had been cast into a pauper's grave, and was once more seated on my cork. It was early in the afternoon, and a man whom I had occasionally seen in the place, entered with two friends. The three sauntered up to the bar, and the hero of this little narrative, whom I shall designate as Mr. Moderate, called out, "Give us some whiskey!"

I went down quite delighted into my bottle, as I had long desired to become acquainted with Mr. Moderate and learn what sort of a fellow he was. I was anxious to discover just how I could operate on one of his class. I was speedily gratified.

Mr. Moderate paid for the drinks—just forty-five cents. A few moments passed when another of the party extended an invitation for a "repeater," and ere that had been disposed of, several other friends came in, and the company was increased to six. Mr. Moderate, after a season, invited the gentlemen to "repeat" with him, and ninety cents more was paid, making a total thus far of one dollar and thirty-five cents. I wish my readers to observe and remember the figures.

The party had a merry time. Mr. Moderate, however, exercised his usual caution, and did not join in every "repeater." He changed off to a cigar, drank a little Vichy now and then. He reached his temperature-level and stopped; still he was sufficiently exhilarated to fall under the general influence, and felt called upon to invite the party to join with him in a parting drink. He paid ninety cents more, making a total of two dollars and twenty-five cents—a small expenditure even for a Mr. Moderate upon such an occasion. And what had he received in return? Two glasses of whiskey drunk by himself, three poor cigars, and several swallows of Vichy, while he had been entertained for two hours with the usual silly talk characteristic of men in front of a bar.

Later on, with one cigar in his pocket, one partly smoked between his lips, and myself in his stomach, Mr. Moderate started for home. I slid up to his brain and learned that in a mild way he was reproaching himself for his extravagance.

In due time we reached the man's home; all its appointments were comfortable for a man in his circumstances. His wife was a pleasant-faced, cheerful little body, and evidently did not discern the impending peril. She appeared like a good wife and mother—yes, mother—for I saw two of the prettiest fair-haired children I had ever beheld. Later on I learned that they were twins, and it was not long before I discerned also that a little domestic drama was to be enacted in my presence. I became conscious that mother and daughters were conspiring to present some nice little scheme to papa.

The supper was over, and one or the children climbed up on papa's lap. I was taking in the whole scheme. I could see the tremor ripple over the mother's nerves. I could read the anxious glance in the sister's eyes. Papa Moderate also discerned that something was coming, and he said:

"Well, what does my little girl want to say to papa?"

The mother and the child exchanged glances, and the little one snuggled more closely to her papa's bosom. The latter's eyes beamed pleasantly, he caressed and kissed his daughter, and in kindly tones repeated his question:

"Come, what has my little girl to say to me?"

It was a pretty domestic tableau presented at that moment, a pleasant and interesting scene, as the little girl told her story. She told how she and her twin sister had been studying a dialogue together, which they were to recite on the occasion of the closing exercises of their school. Papa appeared pleased, and the little girl betrayed how for weeks her own and her sister's thoughts had dwelt upon this their first public appearance.

Mr. Moderate expressed his delight, and then the little girl blushed and twisted in his arms, and appeared reluctant to speak further, but evidently had more to say. The mother encouraged her to proceed, and the great trial, as far as the revelation to papa was concerned, was over.

I will here state that they were a careful people, the family of Mr. Moderate; and any expenditure outside of the daily expenses of the household was always a matter of discussion; and it was evident that the revelation to papa had been duly discussed by mamma and her two little girls before being presented to him.

The disclosure to papa was in the form of a request. The teacher had asked the two children to appear in white dresses on the occasion when they were to recite their dialogue.

A cloud settled over the good-natured face of Mr. Moderate as he demanded, addressing his wife:

"Have the children no white dresses?"

"None fit for the occasion."

"Can they not speak the piece in such dresses as they have?"

"Hardly, since the teacher has requested that they should appear in white."

"How much will the dresses cost?"

"About four dollars."

"And they must have them?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, let some other children speak the piece! Times are too hard! I cannot afford to buy white dresses to gratify the pride of a teacher."

I will pass over the looks of consternation and disappointment that followed this decision. The reader's imagination will clearly picture the sorrowful scene.

Well, let me sum up. The times were too hard! This man received a fixed salary from the Government. Depression in business did not affect him. The times were too hard! And that day he had spent two dollars and twenty-five cents for whiskey, more than half what the two dresses would have cost! He was smarting under a twinge of remorse because of his foolish extravagance, and the punishment rebounded upon the children.

The above is but a mild example of my reflex action. But consider for a moment the effect of Mr. Moderate's seemingly simple refusal. For six weeks these little children had been talking and dreaming of the event. Indeed, it was the first event of their little lives, and they were of that age when joys take stronger hold of the imagination, when disappointments sink deeper into the heart. And what a trifling barrier stood between them and the gratification of their hopes! Two little white dresses! And their father, Mr. Moderate—a good and kindly man—could not gratify their wishes because he had that day laid half their cost a tribute upon the altar of the Demon of Rum.

A LIE.

First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside;
Then the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it,
Till it grew long and wide.

—*Old Rhyme.*

KING EYO HONESTY VII.

When the great Act of Emancipation created a community of freemen in our West India Colonies, the Mission congregations throughout Jamaica were invited to take part as Christians in the work left by Christ in the hands of his people of spreading the Gospel, to which they owed so much. They readily responded to the invitation, and in organizing their efforts they naturally turned to the dark land of their fathers. In 1841, a large Mission was sent out by the Baptist congregation to the West Coast of Africa. Only the coast-line of the Dark Continent was then known, and in seeking for a location the Mission was guided to the island of Fernando Po. A number of persons from various parts—Accra, Sierra Leone, and other places under British rule—who had been under Christian instruction, were gathered into a township, the only one in the island, and the people, it is said, were collecting their mites "to buy a missionary," when one came in their way.

The Baptist brethren were heartily welcomed, and they were glad to commence work at once among an English-speaking population. Some of them went over to the continent opposite, and established themselves on the Cameroons river and at Bimbia. For many years the Mission was carried on at these places, but eventually Spain, in re-asserting its right to Fernando Po, expelled the Mission from the island. When, at a late period, some measure of toleration was shown to Protestantism, the Primitive Methodists established a Mission there, carrying on its work under various restrictions. The stations on the continent were given over to the Basle Society when Germany took possession of Cameroons a few years ago, and the Baptist Mission, the early effort of the Jamaica churches, has thus disappeared.

The second mission enterprise, the effort of the emancipated negroes, was promoted by the congregations of the United Presbyterian church of Scotland in the island of Jamaica. When the chiefs of Old Calabar, through trading vessels, heard that the Mission was looking out for a location on the coast, they invited its agents to enter their country. The invitation was accepted, and in 1846 they began their work. Calabar had been a chief seat of the slave trade, which was abandoned only a year prior to their entrance, so that the people were found in the brutalized state which that terrible traffic produced.

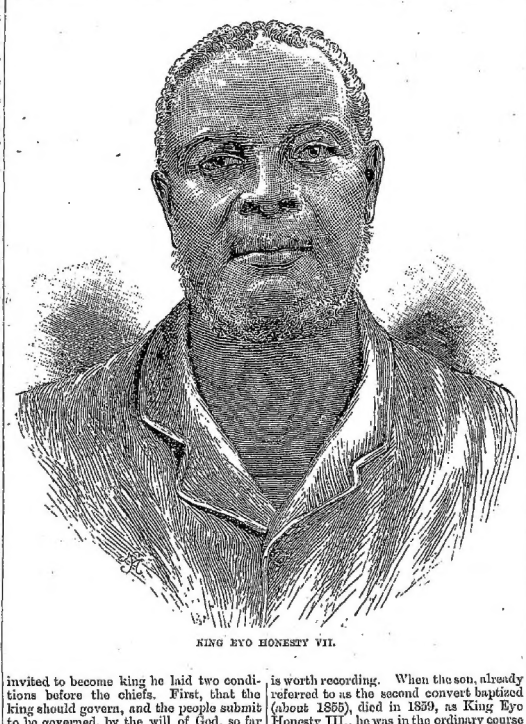
King Eyo Honesty the Second, of Creek Town, was the only chief who really wished for the advancement of the country from its degradation, and regularly on the Sabbath the people assembled in his yard to hear the instructions of the missionary, the king himself acting as interpreter, and exhorting his subjects to leave off their heathen rites and give obedience to the Word of God. After his aid was no longer needed in interpretation, he attended regularly until his death the church which he had helped to build. Before the arrival of the Mission he had thrown aside the fetish superstition of the country, and cordially seconded the missionaries in their efforts to put down the custom of human sacrifice.

He was succeeded by his son, who was the second convert baptized. In his time an attempt was made to expel the Mission. King Archibong, of Duke Town, was incensed at one of the missionaries going out of Calabar to visit a neighboring tribe, it being understood that such liberty was forbidden, and he summoned a meeting of the chiefs to take measures for expulsion. A gentleman who was then trading in the river viewed the assembly of the chiefs on its margin from his ship, and thus narrates the result as an illustration of Psalm ii., which he had been reading that morning :—

> The day was one so common at certain seasons of the year, bright and clear and enjoyable in the morning, then gradually falling away into subdued stillness—as if nature had sent a rebuke—and the oppression of all the senses; but nothing of this had we noticed in the excitement of watching through our glasses the visible unrest of the angry assembly. As related to us afterwards, King Archibong had made his charge at great length, and full of determined hostility to the Mission. King Eyo replied gently, but with much firmness in defence, telling the chiefs around him that they might as well try to stop the rain in its descent as to stay the extension of God's message, even if the missionaries were sent away. Mr. Thomson (the accused) was about to speak when "the lightning came out of the east and shone even unto the west." The gathering tornado which we had not noticed had burst, the river was foam, the tall mangrove trees bent like willows, and in an incredibly brief space, the assembly was broken up, and never for that object did it meet again.

The present ruler, Henshaw Tom Forster, a nephew of Eyo II., was received into the Church in his early manhood, during the lifetime of his uncle. On the death of Eyo III., says the late Rev. S. H. Edgerly, who was then in charge at Creek Town, he was looked to as successor, but there were three influential chiefs who held the power of the town, to which they had no right, and these resolved that Henshaw should not be king, "lest he sell the country to God's white men." Henshaw took the matter very quietly, following the advice : "Do not trouble yourself. If God wants you to be king, he will clear the way for you." Not long after, two of the chiefs were laid in the grave, and the other showed himself so incapable that the people insisted on Henshaw becoming king.

An incident happened at the time which much favored him. A dispute sprang up between Duke and Henshaw Towns on one side and Creek Town on the other. Some difficulty was felt in selecting an umpire, and at length Henshaw was chosen. His conduct in the matter gained him great praise and won him many friends. When



KING EYO HONESTY VII.

invited to become king he laid two conditions before the chiefs. First, that the king should govern, and the people submit to be governed, by the will of God, so far as that will is made known in the Bible, and that there should be no religious intolerance. Second, that he be not king of a party, but that all connected with Creek Town should submit to him individually. These conditions, after being well discussed, were accepted, written out in English and Efik, and signed, in the church where the king-making took place, by king and chiefs.

The British Consul, who was present, put the crown on the king's head, and gave him the title of Eyo VII. Prayer was offered for king and people, and the king addressed his subjects, inviting them to aid him in doing good. Lastly, he addressed the Mission, hoping that God's blessing would continue on its labors, and urging that each member of it should not cease day or night in their endeavors to win sinners to Christ.

King Eyo has stood true to his pledge, but some of those who entered into covenant with him when he consented to take the headship have not fulfilled their undertakings. This has caused him considerable trouble, but he takes it quietly, and endeavors conscientiously to discharge the duties of his office in the sight of God. He is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and, when occasion requires, he takes public service on Sabbath very efficiently.

In the early part of his life he suffered much for conscience' sake. He had married his cousin—a daughter of Dr. Eyo, a very wicked old savage, who ruled for some years as King Eyo Honesty VI. This man persecuted his son-in-law, then a young convert, for his religion, and exacted very heavy fines from him, finally taking away his wife, who was afterwards, however, restored to him. Through all these trials he stood firm to his profession. He has a large farm up country, which is kept in excellent order, and where no work has been done on the Sabbath for nearly thirty years. He is also a large trader, and though somewhat slow in his transactions, is a man to be relied on.

The title of Honesty was given to this family by the European traders about the year 1840, because of this distinctive feature in all their transactions. An instance is worth recording. When the son, already referred to as the second convert baptized (about 1855), died in 1859, as King Eyo Honesty III., he was in the ordinary course of business very largely indebted to nearly all the European traders, his warehouses being full of Manchester and Birmingham goods. All this property was about to be seized and appropriated to their own ends by the powerful chiefs around him, when four of his slaves—coxswains they were then called—summoned the whole of his retainers, domestic slaves like themselves. They explained the disgrace it would be to their father, as they called him, if his debts were not paid ; and then, rounding on the chiefs and free men, set them at defiance, took firm charge of all the vast property, traded it away in the interior markets, and in twelve months paid off every farthing, which could not have been less than from £10,000 to £20,000. So much for the teaching of the missionaries.

Henshaw Tom Foster, or, as he has now been known for nearly a quarter of a century under his official title of King Eyo Honesty the Seventh, is about fifty-five years of age. The photograph which we give was taken on the spur of the moment by one of the missionaries just as he (the missionary) was about to join the steamer on his way home a few months ago, and gives a faithful impression of a large built, benevolent man, in the prime of life.

The Mission of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland has done a magnificent work in Old Calabar for upwards of half a century, a record of which has recently been given to the world by Rev. Hugh Goldie, who has labored with his wife, year in and year out, during the whole of that period.

Since the above was prepared for the press the following letter has been received from King Eyo, by Rev. William Anderson, and is now taken from the United Presbyterian *Missionary Record*. It indicates his grateful sense of the change wrought in his own district, and his desire to promote the good of the regions beyond :

> THE PALACE, CREEK TOWN,
> OLD CALABAR, *26th April, 1891.*
>
> MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I feel thankful to God that I am able to send you a few words in writing. Although I have not the pleasure of seeing your face now, yet I am very happy the Lord has given us this great gift to read and write so that we are able to send words to such a far country as England, and can get books from friends there and read their writings as if we saw them face to face. I have, as you know, many news, both good and bad, which I am not able to go over to you, but I shall let you know as much as I can. . .
>
> King Eyo refers to the number of deaths in the church and to other events, including the return of a backslider ; and proceeds—
>
> On the 9th of April I took a trip to the country which is named Ofot Emun and Ita. The people there had heard about me, and came to one of my men who was there, with the message that I must send to open their new market for them, and also that they wished to be under my protection. I sent my people to open the market for them, and if the trade goes on I shall send more people to live there and trade, with them. On Thursday I took my first trip to pay a visit to them, and reached them the following day, because my canoe goes very quickly. On Saturday I sent to their headmen, who came to me on Sabbath. I had a meeting with them, and they all sat very quietly to hear what was spoken. On Monday the chiefs who were in the interior came down to visit me. I had some conversation with them. They spoke of the good things of this life, and I took the opportunity of speaking to them about something far better—the welfare of their souls for ever. Their way of living is just what you found in our country, Efik, when you came here first. When we compare the present time with the time when the gospel came, we see what great works of mercy the Lord has wrought amongst us. The chiefs in that part of the country were thirteen in number.
>
> I beg that you will kindly remember me to the Christian friends in your country, and I also ask your prayers that the Lord may spread his light to the dark parts of our land.—I remain,
>
> yours faithfully,
> (Signed) EYO HONESTY VII.

—*The Christian.*

CHAIN MAKING.

Billy Dawson, the celebrated Yorkshire farmer-preacher, once appealed to a drinker in the following language : "Suppose yourself to be a servant, and your master were to come in the morning and order you to make a strong chain ; on the following morning he came again, and urged you to get on with it ; and thus, day by day, you were ordered to do the same job. Suppose, again, that while you were working, a person came in and asked if you knew what it was for, and that you answer in the negative, adding that you did not care so long as you got your wages. But this person tells you he knows it to be a fact that it is your master's intention to bind you with it in perpetual bondage ; would you, I ask, add another link to it?"

The man answered, "No, and all the money in the world would not hire me to do it."

Mr. Dawson then told him that the habits of drunkenness are the devil's chain, in which he keeps poor sinners in perpetual bondage, and that when they have added the last link, he chains them in hell forever. These words so impressed the mind of the man that his conscience continued to remind him, "I am making another link for my chain!" until he relinquished his wicked course of life.

"The wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Union Leaflet.*

CONSTANT PROGRESS.

The Sabbath school teacher should be constantly improving in power to communicate ideas and to influence others for good. This can only come from faithful and thorough study, earnest prayer, diligent observation and growing grace. It is not to any one's credit that he is no better teacher now than he was years ago. His experience ought to be worth something, and show progress to himself and others as the years roll by.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

NEARING THE GATE.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. Selah."

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, "the sorrows of death have compassed me about;" I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spoke still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavor to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer, 'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for; you have been hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother, said he, surely if I were right, He would now rise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm: they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." These troubles and distresses that you go through are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added these words, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh, I see him again! and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; thus they got over.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along towards the gate.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

GERTIE'S STORY.

Gertie had been very ill, but she was better now, and papa, mamma, sister and auntie were so glad to have her given back to them that they vied with one another in trying to please and amuse her. So when Gertie said wearily, one afternoon, "O, Auntie! I'm so tired. Please tell me a new story, a real good fairy story that I can think about afterwards," Auntie racked her brains for something new. Suddenly a bright thought flashed into her mind: "I do not know any new fairy story, dear, but I will tell you a true story that I think you will like and I am pretty sure you will think of it afterward."

So Gertie settled herself to listen, and this was the story Auntie told:

There once lived a very wealthy and powerful King, who was as good as he was wealthy. He owned a large and beautiful country and had, oh! ever and ever so many subjects; so many I cannot begin to tell you their number. The King was very anxious to see his people happy, and to have them lead good, useful lives, but he did not know just how to bring this about. At last he hit on a plan; "I will build them some nice houses," he said to himself. "Then when they have everything clean and beautiful and new around them they will be sure to enjoy themselves and to become good men and women." So he built some fine new houses. These houses were not all exactly alike. Some were large and imposing, while others were small and dainty, but they were all fitted up with a great many comforts and conveniences. And there were rooms and rooms and rooms in them; there were picture galleries filled with rare and costly paintings brought from all over the world, the libraries filled with books and papers; there were music rooms containing many kinds of musical instruments, pianos and harps, violins and flutes. There was a large dining-room too, with little store-rooms close at hand. The walls and ceilings were hung with rich tapestries, the floors were inlaid with wonderful mosaics, and all over these strange houses were elevators and telephones. You would suppose the King would have been satisfied with all this, but he was not. After the houses were built he placed servants in every department, whose business it was to take care of that department and keep it in order, and these servants were to remain as long as the houses lasted. When everything was ready the King gave these houses freely to his people for a long term of years, asking nothing in return save that they should become familiar with every room and use their knowledge for the benefit of others, and that the houses should always be kept in good repair. This was not a very hard condition surely, especially with all the servants that had been provided; but these servants had to be instructed what to do or they would just fold their hands and let everything go.

The people were willing enough to accept the conditions, so they went to live in their new homes. The King had to go away for a little while to another country; but he left a great Book of Laws, which, if they tried to follow, would surely make them the good, true people the King wished them to be. Should you not think they would be very grateful and very careful of these precious gifts? Some of them were. They kept their part of the contract faithfully; but others were careless. They did not mean to be so, but they were not willing to exert themselves and just slept and dreamed away their time for years. There were others who were not quite so indifferent, but they forgot that the King had said they must learn to use all the rooms; and so when they found themselves placed in the music room, or the library, or wherever it might be, they enjoyed the surroundings so much they would not try to study the other rooms and so their lives became narrow and they grew selfish even in the good they did, while the dust gathered among the fine curtains, the mosaics got broken and the hinges grew rusty over the rest of the house. The servants too grew careless and would not attend to their work, and the houses began to decay and fall to pieces.

Oh! how these people mourned when they saw their beautiful homes falling to pieces and they knew they must go to meet the King. But there were still others who did not care. They thought they had the fine houses for so long any way, and they would just have a good time while they lasted. Some of them argued that the houses were so well built they could not fall to pieces easily, and it was all nonsense to take so much pains trying to keep them clean.

So these careless ones had their good times. They brought in rough and dirty companions who could not appreciate the beauty, and very soon the delicate furniture was destroyed, the heavy curtains were stained and torn and the rooms grew so thick with dust and dirt nothing else could be seen. The servants too became rebellious and would not obey commands, but undertook all sorts of odd freaks, while disorder and ruin reigned everywhere. How do you think the people in these houses felt when the King came? They were afraid of him and tried to hide when they saw him coming, but he found them all and made them come out in the light and show him their record. When he heard their poor excuses he told them their punishment was that they must live all the rest of their lives in these broken-down, dirty, disorderly houses. Then they were very, very sad, for they knew that no matter how hard they might work now, they could never make the beautiful homes they once had. Those were gone forever. But to those who had kept their contract, the King added new gifts, while to those who had been careless or thoughtless he gave one chance.

"That is all the story, Gertie; do you know who these people are?"

"O, Auntie! you said it was a true story, and that is not true. There isn't any such country or such a King."

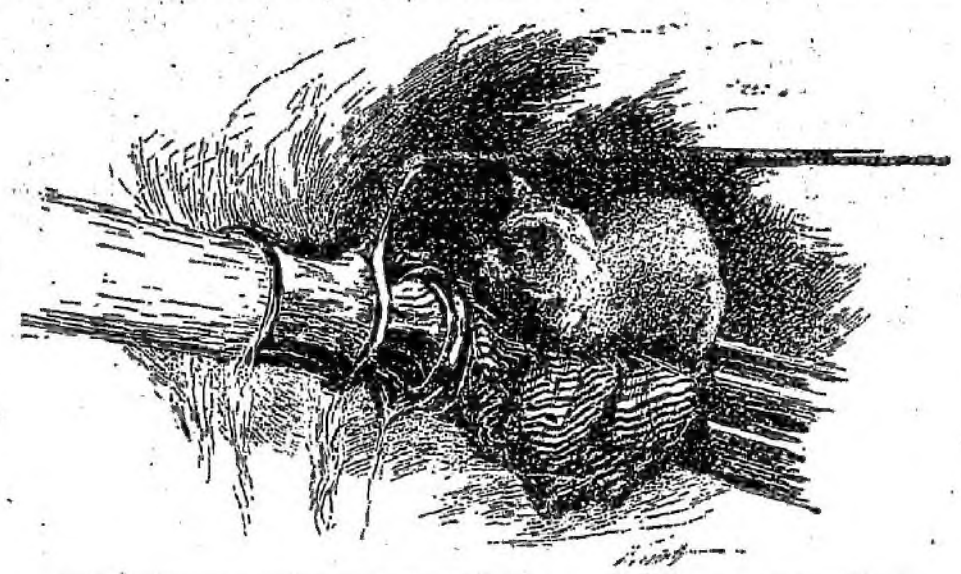
"Yes, there is, Gertie; the King and the people are living to-day. I will leave it for you to study out."—*The Pansy.*

$2,500.

I would like to give a little of my experience with the tobacco habit. I used tobacco more or less for thirty years. Being a professed Christian, I felt all the time guilt and condemnation resting upon me. I was spending my money for that which did me no good but much harm, and forming a habit which made me a slave to my appetite. Finally I became disgusted with it, repented of its use, and made a firm resolve, live or die, by the help of God I never would use it again. I prayed earnestly to God to destroy that appetite which took me thirty years to build up. At the same time I promised him if he would answer my prayer by taking away that appetite, that the amount of money it cost me yearly for tobacco, I would give to the cause of Christ. He took me at my word and destroyed that appetite. Six years have passed. I still live, and money could not hire me to break my pledge to God and resume the use of it again. Therefore I acknowledge by God's help I have conquered the habit and am no longer a slave to its use. The question is asked, Why use tobacco? A simple question, yet it receives many answers. One says, I use it because I love it. Let me say, you don't love it. It is the effect that you love, and by the effect the habit grows. Another says, I use it because I have got in the habit of it. That is true, and that proves that you have built up this habit, not from a natural but an acquired appetite. Still another says, I use it because I cannot quit it. Brother, when you say you can't, does that help you any? does that make you any more determined to try to quit? Certainly not. Then don't say, I can't, but say, by the help of God I will. Make this resolve with your trust in God, and he will lead you on to victory. One says, I use it, but it doesn't cost me much, and if I did not spend my money for that, I might spend it for something worse. Brother, break off and try it. I have yet to learn that reformation leads to bad habits. You say it does not cost you much. Do you know what it does cost you yearly? Very few care to keep an account, because they do not care to refer to it. You say, I use it moderately. That may be, but many you know use it to excess. Now take an average and call it fifty cents a week. That amount for one year would foot up to $26. Allowing that one use it forty years (very many use it longer), at a cost of $26 a year, the result is the snug little sum of $1,040. Now these yearly costs put on interest at seven percent during these forty years, will amount to $1,490.56. Add the two sums together and you have a total cost of $2,530.56 for tobacco. Again I repeat the question, Why use tobacco?—*P. C. Hall, in Christian Advocate.*

NOT ALWAYS EASY.

Right-doing is a very simple thing, but right-doing is not always an easy thing. A straight line is the shortest line possible between any two points: yet, as a practical matter, it would be easier to draw a dozen crooked lines than one straight one in off-hand drawing. All of us can see the way of right living, but who of us can walk in that way without wavering?—*S. S. Times.*



"When there was no danger, Pussy would take a comfortable nap on her cushion."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAT.

(*By Agnes A. Sandham, in St. Nicholas.*)

It was a curious place for a cat—the lonely "Hydraulic Mines," on the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. Where she came from, no one could tell. My acquaintance with her was made in a singular and altogether startling manner. It was in this wise: I was visiting the mines, and, under the guidance of the superintendent, had just passed over the brow of a great hill crowned with a thick growth of magnificent sugar pines, when suddenly we came upon the Hydraulic Mines—so lonely, so dreary, so utterly uninviting in appearance and situation, that I could not help asking, "Could anything but a gold-hunting man be induced to live in such a place?"

"Wait and see," replied the superintendent as he walked in the direction of a rough shanty used by the miners as a place of shelter.

Just then I was startled at seeing a white cat come dashing toward us at full speed, her tail puffed out to an enormous size, and apparently pursued by a number of men armed with picks and crowbars.

Full of sympathy for the poor cat making such a wild race for her life, I glanced toward the shanty which must be her only refuge. As I did so a dog's head was thrust cautiously out—only the head—and then stopped. Round the corner of the hut dashed the flying cat, and, before the dog's head could be drawn in, there came a violent collision, and a perfect storm of howls and hisses which marked the meeting of the angry cat and the much astonished dog. In spite of my sympathy, I could not help laughing heartily at this ludicrous collision—and my laugh was echoed by the cruel men who, as I supposed, were chasing poor pussy with murderous designs. But my laughter was suddenly cut short as I saw what seemed to be the great mountain sliding directly upon me, and, following the example of the cat, I turned and fled for shelter to the hut, while the men redoubled their laughter.

"What in the world is the matter?" I asked, perplexed alike by the cat, the rushing men, and the moving mountain.

And then, with many jokes and much laughter, the whole matter was explained.

It appears that one cold and stormy night, about a year before my visit to the mines, the men were startled by a pitiful mewing outside the camp. One of the miners, following up the sound of distress, soon returned with a most forlorn and miserable-looking kitten, more dead than alive. How she came to that desolate camp and where she came from was a mystery, but the miners, naturally tender-hearted, and welcoming anything that brought a change in the monotony of their daily life, took pity on the foundling and at once adopted her. Perhaps, too, the sight of such a home-body as a cat, away off in that desolate spot, brought back memories of their boyhood and the old homes far to the east and called up, for all of them, a picture of the happy childhood days before the fever of adventure had led them so far from the dear old home in the mad race for gold.

Well, whatever their thoughts, they adopted the cat and made her so warm and comfortable, with plenty of milk to drink and a warm fire to curl before, that pussy was soon purring away as contentedly as if she had never been a homeless wanderer.

"A white cat dashed toward us apparently pursued by a number of men."

There is no such thing as stopping work in the mines. Day and night the work goes on, and the men are divided into day and night gangs, each of which works for a certain length of time, relieving the other at regular intervals. So it happened that pussy, dozing before the fire, was aroused by a stir in the room, and glancing up saw the miner who had rescued and cared for her preparing to go out to his work. Determined not to lose sight of her preserver, she jumped up and followed him. When the men arrived at their destination, pussy at once took up her position near her friend and carefully watched the proceedings.

A hydraulic mine, my young readers must know, is one in which water is made to take the part of pick and shovel. A tremendous pressure forces the water through a great iron pipe three or four feet in diameter, and sends it in a torrent against the bank of earth in which the gold is hidden. This mighty stream of water washes away the bank and brings it caving and tumbling down, while it separates the gold from the gravel, and with the occasional assistance of blasting powder does a vast amount of mining work.

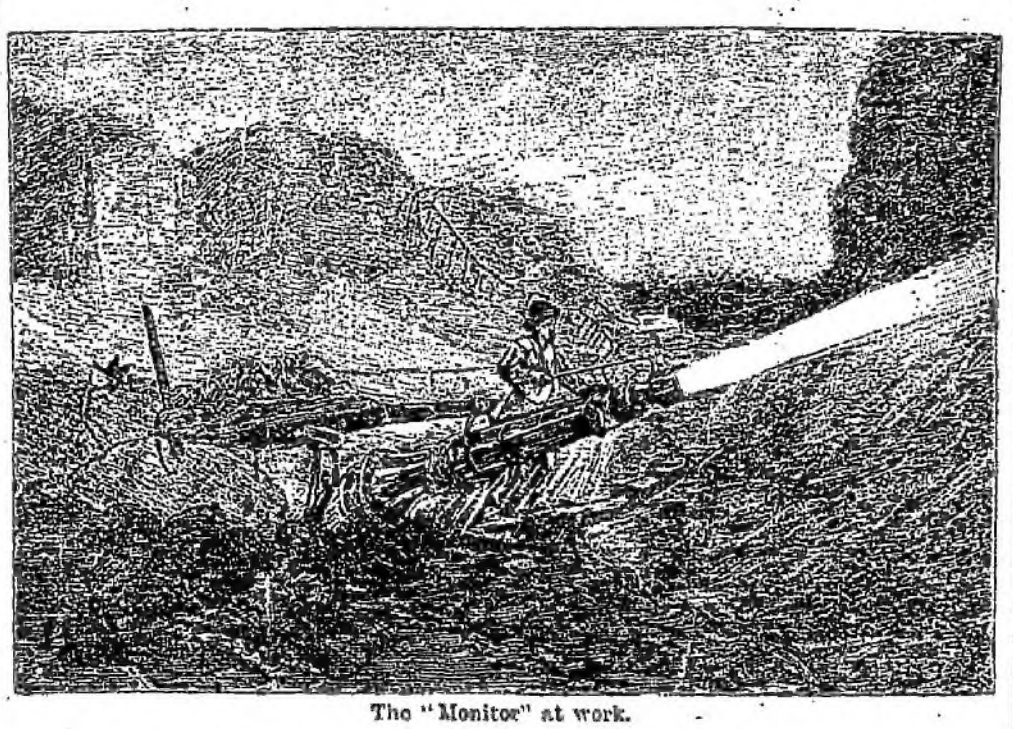
It was at one of these hydraulic mines that the fugitive cat had found friends; and as after several visits she lay watching their operations, she seemed to reason it all out in her own mind that as soon as the great earth-bank opposite her showed signs of giving way under the action of the water forced against it, the men would rush for shelter to the shanty near by, to which, of course, she too would scamper to escape the falling earth. So, reasoned pussy, if these kind friends of mine are always in danger from these tumbling-down banks, why cannot I, in return for their kindness, watch the earth-banks and give them proper warning?

Now, as you all know, there is nothing a cat dislikes so much as water; just watch your kitty shake her paws daintily when she steps into a puddle, and see how disgusted she is if a drop of water falls on her nose or back. But this Sierra Nevada pussy was a most conscientious cat. She felt that it was her duty to make some sacrifice for her friends; and so, after thinking it all over, she took her place right on top of the nozzle of the "monitor" (as the big iron pipe through which the water is forced is called), and here, in spite of occasional and most unwelcome shower-baths she would watch for the first movement of the falling bank, when away she would go like a flash with all the miners at her heels until they all reached the shelter of the hut. So faithfully did she perform her self-imposed task that, in a little while, the men gave up their precaution of keeping one eye on the dangerous slide and waited for puss to give the signal. As soon as they saw her spring down from the comfortable bed which the miners had made for her on the "monitor," they would all cry, "The cat; the cat!" and start on a run for the shanty. And it was at just such a moment that I came to the mine and encountered this most conscientious cat leading her friends to safety.

She soon learned also to distinguish between the various phases of hydraulic mining; and when the "monitor" was being used simply for washing the gold or for general "cleaning up" purposes, she knew that there was no danger, and would serenely close her eyes and take a comfortable nap on her cushion, regardless of what was going on around her, until by some strange instinct she knew that the "monitor" was turned upon the bank again, and was awake and watchful in an instant. Her very color, too, was a help to her friends, as, being a white cat, she served on dark nights as a guide to the men who came to relieve the gang to which pussy belonged, and which no consideration would induce her to desert.

Now, it happened that about the time of pussy's appearance at the mine a very unprepossessing mongrel pup had been left at the camp, as not worth taking away, and so he too was adopted by the kind-hearted miners. But alas! the dog proved as great a coward as the cat was a heroine. His only thought was to look out for number one, and he did that so thoroughly that when he too had learned that a sudden move on the part of the men meant danger, he would scud into the hut in an agony of fear, and, like the dastardly dog he was, retreat into the farthest corner with his tail between his legs. Evidently, when I first made his acquaintance, he had not heard them rushing toward the hut and had thus been caught napping, and hence the collision I had witnessed. He was such a good-for-nothing that they called him "Tailings"—which also means the refuse gravel and dirt out of which every speck of gold has been taken. And in such awe did he stand of pussy that, though they took their meals together, "Tailings" always waited until pussy had finished before he presumed to take a bite, wagging his tail until the ground was swept clean, and whining meanwhile with hunger and impatience. Once, and once only, he endeavored to assert himself and take a bite before his betters. Pussy stopped eating, looked the culprit sternly in the eye, and then, slowly lifting her paw, brought it down with a sudden blow exactly in the centre of the dog's nose. "Tailings" gave such a howl that the miners thought the whole mountain was caving in, and rushed out to see what was the matter. Pussy went on calmly finishing her dinner, and "Tailings" never again presumed to eat at the first table, or rebel against Pussy's rules.

You don't know, boys and girls, how greatly this story of the miner's cat pleased me. All my life I had been taught to look upon the dog as the type of nobility, faith-



The "Monitor" at work.

fulness, and courage, from the big St. Bernard to the pet pug or poodle, almost too fat to waddle by his mistress's side. And I had always been told that the cat was the embodiment of treachery, selfishness, and cunning—although, between you and me, I had always really loved the cats the best.

And here on the Sierra Nevada Mountains I had a new revelation, and I left the Hydraulic Mines well pleased with my visit, and especially pleased that my favorite animal had been so completely vindicated.

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"I trust you will be an earnest witness for the master in your new field of labor," said Dr. Robertson, the morning his young parishioner, Philip Lawrence, came to bid him good-by.

"I hope I *shall* not deny him, *at least*," replied the young man, seriously.

"That determination may comprehend a great deal more that you think. Standing up for Jesus in a community where there are no churches and where the Sabbath is kept only as a holiday, is very different from following in his steps in a city where religion is popular and its professors are highly esteemed. Mere silent witnessing for Christ may prove a much greater sacrifice than you at present imagine. Let me tell you a little story connected with my own early life and conversion.

"Just after I left college, more than forty years ago, I went to a mining town in the far West to engage in teaching. It was a wild, wicked place, and although I had been carefully trained in a Christian home, I soon fell in with the mode of life as I found it there. Though the town was small, drinking, swearing and fighting were common, and work was carried on during Sunday just as on the other days of the week.

"After I had been there nearly a year, a stranger who seemed to have plenty of money bought a lot in the centre of the town for the purpose of erecting a large woollen factory. He had all his stones dressed and his timbers in readiness before beginning to build, and the number of men he put to work on the Monday morning of his arrival convinced the villagers that he meant business. During the week the structure rose like magic; but when Sunday came not a single workman made his appearance. Labor went on in other places as usual, but here everything was strangely silent. People on the streets stopped to inquire what was wrong, but no one could explain why the workmen were idle, until one bolder than the rest ventured into the presence of the proprietor to inquire into the trouble. 'Nothing is wrong,' replied the stranger pleasantly, when the man had made known his errand. 'This is Sunday, you know, and I neither work nor allow my men to work upon that day.'

"The new comer's peculiar views were freely discussed that afternoon among his neighbors. Some thought he was not altogether sane, and others expressed the opinion that he was too entirely conscientious to live in a mining town where people were obliged to work for their living; but all agreed that sooner or later he would be glad to conform to the custom of the place as others had done. But they were mistaken. The work of the building went on with increasing rapidity during the weeks that followed, but when Sabbath came the sound of the hammer and axe was stilled, and the great unfinished structure stood there alone in that wicked place a silent witness for the master. I tell you, Philip, that mute building appealed to my conscience as no other testimony could have done. Others—wanderers from godly homes—felt the same silent influence, and in the course of a few months a great reformation was wrought through the aid of that dumb preacher, which had testified so faithfully for the sanctity of the Sabbath. Afterwards a church was organized, and an earnest preacher came among us, with the open Bible in his hand and the love of God in his heart, and—well, if it had not been for my year in that mining town, I might still be a stranger to Jesus, for it was that blessed man who led me to Christ. I tell you this story to show you the power of even a silent witness for Christ. I do not mean, of course, that you are to begin a large building to gain this influence, but you must let your daily life testify for the Master. Never be ashamed of him, and let your example be such that others may see Christ reflected in your every word and action."

Philip did not forget the words of his pastor when he went down to the little manufacturing town of Bedford, to enter upon his duties as book-keeper in one of its most important factories. He took Jesus with him right into the counting-room, but he found it harder work than he had expected to display his colors in a place where everybody seemed to be marching under a different captain. It was a new but rapidly growing village, without churches or Sunday-schools, and though work was suspended on the Sabbath, the day was observed merely as a holiday. Philip's genial nature soon made him a general favorite among the men in the factory, and before he had filled the position a month he had many invitations to join them in their Sunday sports. He had the courage of his convictions, however, and in a quiet but very determined way informed them that he could not conscientiously desecrate the Lord's day. They laughed at his scruples a little at first, yet they could not help admiring the spirit he showed, and more than one among the number felt the silent rebuke thus administered day after day more than they were willing to confess. Two or three of them said as much to him, and acknowledged that they had lived very differently when at home.

Philip was only a young disciple himself, and had always been a follower rather than a leader, yet he was very much in earnest, and after praying a great deal over the matter, he invited two or three of the young men to come to his room on a certain night to talk over their hopes and prospects for the future. He was surprised to learn that two of the number, Dick Holmes and George Lee, had been professors of religion at home, but that they had not been strong enough to stand up for their convictions among the reckless people with whom they had cast their lots. They were tired of the life that they had been living of late years, and eagerly expressed their desire to return to their allegiance to their father's God. Before they separated they agreed to meet together on Sundays for the purpose of studying their Bibles and praying for themselves and their companions.

After a few meetings they succeeded in persuading two or three young men to join them, and when the number reached a dozen, Philip suggested the organization of an Epworth League. At first they met in the school-house, and the burden of the serving fell to Philip's share; but as the interest deepened, others willingly took their share, and before the winter was over the schoolhouse had to be exchanged for a larger building. Immediately after the Week of Prayer a quiet revival began, and though there was no excitement connected with it, the meetings grew in interest until every heart in the village was touched. Ministers from the neighboring towns very willingly tendered their assistance, and Dr. Robertson, from the city, came down to bid them God-speed and catch a breath of inspiration. Before the services closed, a church was organized in the place, with a promising Sunday-school in connection, and more hearts than Philip Lawrence's beat high with hope and gratitude when they counted the number of souls that had been born into the kingdom through the influence of that League, which at first numbered only twelve.

"You have been bearing more than silent influence for your master, my friend," said Dr. Robertson, as he grasped Philip's hand the night of the farewell meeting. "What a glorious privilege it is to be an instrument in God's hand in bringing souls to Christ!"

"I am beginning to catch a glimpse of the responsibility of living," answered Philip. "If I have borne even the least witness for Jesus, it has all been accomplished through your faithfulness in warning me. I never could forget the influence of that silent building, witnessing so mutely for the truth. The thought that my Saviour would accept even the gift of dumb serving made me strong to resist temptation and helped me to try to follow closely in his steps."

"After all, there is no witness-bearing so powerful or convincing as that of a Christly life," admitted Dr. Robertson, "Blessed is he who is wise enough to know when to speak and when to keep silent!"
—*Zion's Herald.*

CATECHISM ON THE WORLD.

What is the population of the world? Some persons estimate it at 1,500,000,000 and others at 1,434,000,000.

How are these divided religiously? Into Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and heathen.

How many are called Christians? About 390,000,000.

How are those called Christians divided? Into Protestants, Greek, and Oriental churches, and Roman Catholics.

How many are Protestants? About 116,000,000. These are inhabitants of nominally Protestant countries, but there are only about 30,000,000 who are members of Protestant churches.

How many Jews are there? About 8,000,000.

How many Mohammedans? About 170,000,000.

How many heathen are there? About 856,000,000. Under this head are included Shintos, Buddhists, Confucianists, Brahmanists, Fetish, etc.

What is the population of America? About 100,000,000, there being 69,000,000 in North America and 31,000,000 in South America. About one-fourth of the people of North America and nearly all the people of South America are Roman Catholics.

What is the population of Europe? About 332,000,000, of whom one-third are members of the Greek Church, one-third Protestants, and one-third Roman Catholics.

What is the population of Asia? About 800,000,000, of whom about one-fifth are Mohammedans, and nearly all the others are heathen.

What is the population of Africa? About 200,000,000, of whom one-tenth are Mohammedans and three-fourths are heathen.

In heathen and Mohammedan lands how many Protestant missionaries are there? About 6,700, of whom 2,700 are women.

How many native laborers? About 33,000.

How many adherents? About 2,250,000.

How many members? About 750,000.

How many organized churches? About 5,000.

How much money is expended each year by Protestants to give the Gospel to heathen? About $10,000,000. Of this about $4,000,000 is raised in America and $6,000,000 in Great Britain.

How many ministers are there in the United States to every 800 persons? One.

How many missionaries are there to every 400,000 souls in foreign lands? One.

What is expected of us? To send the Gospel to every creature.—*Gospel In All Lands.*

BUT.

Do not make the virtues enemies to each other. Poor human nature, ever a house divided against itself, sometimes seems as if seeking to regain its lost harmony by introducing its own discord into the circle of those graces which God has joined together. How often you will hear it said concerning this person or that: He is sullen and revengeful, but you can absolutely trust his honesty; or, His life is impure, but he always stands to his word of honor; or again, He is an unfilial son, but he is so generous and open-hearted. From the way in which men talk of the virtues, it would often seem as if these were deadly foes who would not live harmoniously together in the same house; and the apparent implication is that if a man be honest, you cannot expect him to be generous and if he is truthful, it is too much to ask him to be chaste. All such talk as this reveals a terrible disunion in human character. There is no reason, outside of human sin, why the soul should not be girt with the harmonious company of all the virtues. They certainly will not quarrel with each other, though man may quarrel with one or all of them. In fact, there is no more reason why a man should consider that, because he has one particular virtue in his make, he is excusable for his lack of another, than that he should think that because he has very serviceable eyes, he can dispense altogether with ears. In God's plan the virtues are but the different facets of the one diamond of character: "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—*S. S. Times.*

THE LIFE I SEEK.

BY REV. ROBERT M. OFFORD.

Not in some cloistered cell
Dost thou, Lord, bid me dwell,
My love to show;
But mid the busy marts
Where men with burdened hearts
Do come and go.

Some tempted soul to cheer
When breath of ill is near
And foes annoy;
The sinning to restrain;
To ease the throb of pain;
Be such my joy.

Lord, make me quick to see
Each task awaiting me,
And quick to do;
Oh, grant me strength, I pray,
With lowly love each day,
And purpose true.

To go as Jesus went,
Spending and being spent,
Myself forgot;
Supplying human needs
By loving words and deeds,
O happy lot!

—*New York Observer.*

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